

## **Homecoming**

The door to the TARDIS library burst open, and a flurry of red and gold whirled into the room. ““You will *not* believe where I’ve been.””

The Doctor looked up, distracted only momentarily by Donna -- who was very distractingly huffing and puffing while wearing a perfectly shaped layer of plate mail over her ample bosom -- and gaped. ““Why are you wearing a perfectly shaped layer of plate mail?””

““That’s what I’m trying to tell you!”” She started gesturing violently, which was when the Doctor noticed that she was carrying a spear. ““I’ve been a guard! In Realmala! *Your* guard.””

““Really? I don’t remember going to Realmala. How was it?”” The Doctor closed his book and grinned at her.

Donna glared at him. ““Not *you* you. Weasel you.””

““Ah,”” his face fell. ““Fantastic. So how was Realmala?””

““Bloody awful! There were harems and Jack and Reinette and I were guards, and I’m pretty sure one of the blokes in the harem was that Byron git, and Jack was all manly and the General, and they made you the bloody Sultan, and gave the harem drugs so they all fawned over you, and the bloody Rani had to be put in chains, and Jack --””

The Doctor crossed his arms over his chest. ““That’s the third time you mentioned Jack.””

““Is it?”” Donna blushed. ““Well he was *really* there.””

““Yeah,”” the Doctor replied, frowning. ““He usually is.””

““NOTHING HAPPENED!””

““Oi!”” He put his hands to his ears. ““I never said anything did!””

““I was the bloody guard, not in the harem.”” Donna huffed some more, which failed to distract the Doctor quite so much this time.

““Donna?””

““It was probably the vicinity of the drug.””

““Donna.””

““And it’s not like you were there. The proper you, anyway, for me to be all drugged and interested in.””

““DONNA!””

Donna paused, mouth open. ““Hm?””  
““Could you put down your spear?””

““My what? Oh.”” She put the spear down on the chair and walked over to the couch, a sheepish look on her face. ““Sorry, love. I swear nothing happened.””

““I believe you.””

““You can,”” she smiled shyly, ““punish me.””

““I trust that you - ”” The Doctor blinked. ““What?””

Donna’s smile grew into a large grin when she realized that she piqued the Doctor’s interest. ““Only fair.””

““Why would I want to? You’re not a child.””

Rolling her eyes, Donna leaned in and whispered in the Doctor’s ear, making sure to nibble it a bit before she pulled away. ““It’s been a long few days, love.””

““You’ve only been gone half an hour.”” The Doctor smirked but, despite his attitude, had been thoroughly convinced. ““You managed to get yourself into a bit of trouble in only an hour.””

““Oi, I -- oh. Yeah. I did.””

He grinned. ““Best to teach you a lesson so it doesn’t happen again.””

Donna bit her lip. ““If you think so.””

““I do.””

For the first time since he met her, Donna nodded meekly, though her voice wasn’t without a bit of irony when she responded: ““Yes, dear.””

““Good.”” He pulled her towards him, bending her over his knee. ““And Donna?””

““Yes love?””

He flicked his finger out, knocking it against her breastplate. It made a resounding ping. ““When I’m my future self, remind me not to put my guards into plate mail.....””